



**ELEGY**  
ON THE  
**DEATH**  
OF  
**SIR TITUS SALT, BART.**

---

In Saltaire and Bradford town, solemn grief does abound  
And thousands are weeping and sighing ;  
For the sad loss of one who is now dead and gone  
In the cold arms of death he is lying.  
Sir Titus Salt is dead, his spirit has fled,  
To dwell with his maker for ever ;  
And to heaven for our friend, many prayers will ascend,  
For we'll ne'er find his equal, no, never !

He founded Saltaire, and for his workpeople there  
With kindness his heart it was guided ;  
He studied their health, and from his store of wealth,  
Every comfort for them he provided . .  
That kind and generous man every comfort did plan,  
And nothing by him was rejected ;  
He studied the welfare of the people of Saltaire,  
And in Bradford he was highly respected

Upon his noble brow which so cold is lying now,  
Sickness had caused many a furrow,  
I'm sure it's no boast if we say you have lost,  
A true friend to all in the Borough.  
Many to-day will fervently pray,  
As his body through Bradford it passes,  
Sir Titus Salt has gone to his everlasting home,  
Peace, sweet peace to his ashes.

Heaven bless our friend, he had a peaceful end,  
Like a child from this earth he departed ;  
Nothing on his mind only those he leaves behind,  
We hope they will prove as kind hearted.  
The bells with muffled tone proclaim he is gone,  
And many a prayer will be given,  
For his soul that's on high, far above in the sky,  
May he shine with our Savior in Heaven.

---

White, Printer, Rose Place, Scotland Road, Liverpool.

